

## OBITUARY NOTES.

### MARY H. CHRISTISEN.

Spring City, Aug. 9, 1898.—Mary H. Christisen, wife of James Christisen, died July 26th. She would have been 60 years old on the 23rd of next October. Her husband is in Denmark on a mission, and during the past spring and summer she has endured much affliction. The funeral services were held on the 28th. It was well attended and many comforting words were spoken.—[Com.]

### LYMAN CURTIS.

Elder Lyman Curtis died at his home in Salem, Utah, August 6, 1898, of general debility. Lyman Curtis was born January 21, 1812, in New Salem, Mass. He joined the Church in 1833 and was a member of that memorable body known as Zion's Camp. He shared in the early persecutions of the Saints; came west with the Pioneers, and entered Salt Lake valley with Orson Pratt's company July 22, 1847. This noble man has been a constant worker in building up this country; quiet, modest and faithful in every trust and position. He has gone to meet the righteous of all ages and to reap the reward in store for God's faithful servants in the eternal worlds.

A. E.

### MRS. MARY ANN SNOW STRINGAM.

Died at Thurber, Wayne county, Utah, Mrs. Mary Ann Snow Stringam, beloved wife of George L. Stringam. She was the daughter of Willard and Melissa Snow. Deceased was born in Pine Valley January 20, 1878; was married to George L. Stringam the 14th day of last October; gave birth to a pair of twin boys on the 20th of July, 1898, (still born) and passed to the great beyond on the 22nd of July, 1898, at half past 12 p. m. after much suffering. She was a faithful Latter-day Saint. She leaves a husband and a host of friends to mourn her loss. She filled the positions of a Sunday school teacher and has been a counselor in the Primary association for a number of years, and about eight months ago was chosen president of the Y. L. M. I. A. and was faithful in her labors till sickness intervened. The funeral took place on the 23rd of July, 1898. A large cortege of vehicles, friends and kindred followed her to her last resting place.

GEORGE W. STRINGAM.

### ALEXANDER HOOD HILL.

The subject of this sketch passed away, after a brief illness of about four days, at his home in Mill Creek ward, Salt Lake county, on the 27th of July, 1898. He was the eldest son of Alexander Hill and Agnes Hood, and was born in Essie, Toronto, Canada, on the 18th day of January, 1836. His parents having embraced the Gospel, the family emigrated to Nauvoo in June, 1842, and at the time of the expulsion of the Saints from that place,

they removed to Quincy, Ill., remaining there until April, 1849, when they again joined the Camp of Israel and commenced their weary march towards the Rocky Mountains, arriving in Utah on October 3, of that year. They located in Mill Creek ward. In the fall of 1853, being in his seventeenth year, Brother Hill was called to go to Nephi to strengthen that settlement against Indian attacks, and remained there until he was honorably released. In March, 1855, when the Y. X. Co. was organized to carry the mails to and from the United States, he was again called upon to go and protect the stations of the company, returning only when the then existing conditions made his services unnecessary. In January, 1857, he married Jane D. Park, the young lady who was henceforth destined to share his sorrows and his joys. In the winter of 1857-8 he was again found in the ranks of "Utah's defenders," amid her snow clad mountains, patiently enduring all the rigors and hardships incident to that memorable campaign. In 1859 he removed to Mendon, Cache county, where he built up a home and spent much of his time (as a minute man) in protecting the settlers from Indian depredations. In 1863 he returned to Mill Creek, where he has since resided. He leaves a wife and five children and a goodly number of grandchildren to mourn his loss. He was a kind father and maintained and preserved in his life those characteristics of honesty and intelligence for which his fathers have been noted.

The funeral services were held in the Mill Creek ward house on July 31, 1898, Bishop J. C. Hamilton presiding. The house was full to overflowing, the Mill Creek choir furnishing appropriate selections. The opening prayer was offered by Elder John Morgan. The speakers were Elders James R. Miller, Samuel D. Brinton, Angus M. Cannon, Bishop John R. Winder and Elder Jos. E. Taylor. The remarks of the speakers were consoling and instructive. The benediction was pronounced by Elder Thomas W. Russell. A long train of relatives and friends followed the remains to the Mill Creek cemetery, where they were tenderly laid to rest to await a glorified resurrection. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Elder Samuel H. Hill.

T. W. RUSSELL.

### HARRIET KNOWLTON MILLER

Farmington, Aug. 8.—Today were performed the last sad rites over the remains of the late Harriet Knowlton Miller. The meeting house was filled to overflowing. The well known life and character of the deceased brought mourners from all parts of the county; also many friends and relatives from greater distances. After prayer by Elder Golden Kimball words of sympathy were offered by President Joseph F. Smith, Elder F. D. Richards, Bishop J. M. Secrist, Elder J. N. Fox, Eugene Cannon and N. T. Porter. The occasion was one of exceptional sadness. Indeed, it could truly be said, "No one but mourners came, yet all it seemed were there." The shock of the sudden passing off of such a useful life moved all to sorrow. Few knew of her brief illness save by report in the daily papers of her favorable condition subsequent to an operation for appendicitis. When the sad intelligence was received it is but just to say that an entire community keenly felt the loss of a faithful member, the school children wept for their kind and devoted teacher, a large family were prostrate with grief; in short, humanity had lost one of its truest friends.

Harriet Knowlton Miller, daughter of Benjamin F. Knowlton and Rhoda A. J. Richards, was born in Salt Lake City, Nov. 23rd, 1870. A few years later the family moved to Farmington, Davis county, where they now reside. Dur-

ing those early years four sweet children were taken from the hearthstone, but the eleventh year of Harriet's life was reserved for her greatest sorrow. May 23rd, 1882, found her the elder of two sisters, who with the father and four brothers, gathered around the bier of dearest wife and mother. Yet the same that took mother gave to the elder sister the key of trust and home guardianship. This she kept sacred. The girl became woman tutor to home's confident, the bereaved father's staff. Not long and the guide-hand of home was to be felt beyond the family circle. First as student of Brigham Young Academy and University of Utah, then as teacher in the public schools of our largest city and later in those of her home village, she wrote the epitaph of her public life as upon the heart tablets of father, brothers and sister she had written in honor and love the story of her life in the home. This unstinted sacrifice of a life for the uplifting of the lives of others did not end here. The Sabbath school had its share in that life consecrated to good and the improvement society of her own sex knew their leader in the person of Hattie K. Miller. Charity, too, felt her presence as secretary of the missionary aid society. Yet no class or clan held the charter of her sympathy, for as a fitting close to the chapter of her noble life we recall the earnest pathos of affection manifest in her appeal at the late memorial service for a monument in memory of those who lost their lives through the destruction of the ill-fated Maine.

While all who knew her mourn, there is one among them whose circumstance is loud in its appeal for sympathy. On the 25th day of June, 1896, Hattie, as she was familiarly known, became the happy bride of Prof. D. T. Miller of the Brigham Young College. Not five weeks later there came a farewell, Elder Miller taking leave of friends and dear ones including the all as it were of his affections, in response to a call to preside over the South Sea Islands' mission. Thousands of miles of ocean wave rolled between him and the death bed of his loving companion. The story of his sorrow must forever remain unwritten.

N. T. PORTER.